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"Jane!" Daniel said awkwardly. She turned and there was a little panic in her eyes, a little sorrow, but no melting, no uncertainty

DAN'L KNOTT drove down the wooded road, above the valley of the turbulent little river, to Rob Frye's place to buy two little pigs. He might have bought them nearer home. Joe Marden, his closest neighbor, had pigs to sell, and so had Will Hall. But for reasons of his own, unadmitted even to himself, Dan'l thought the pigs of Rob Frye were more desirable.

The way he took was beautiful. The road ran along the flank of the ridge. Through the trees on his left he could look out across the narrow valley and down upon the top of the wooded lands below him; and the fresh green of the new leaves was like a pleasant carpet there. Once he caught a glimpse of the river itself, in the calm, broad reaches above the dam; then it disappeared in its deeper gorge, and he saw it no more. A brood of young partridges fluttered out of the road before his horse's feet and into the birch and alder knoll to the right of the road, beyond the little brook.

Dan'l marked these matters. He had lived hereabouts all the forty-odd years of his life; every stone in the walls was familiar to him. Nevertheless, the countryside never lost its beauty; the secrets of the woodlands never lost their charm. The way seemed short enough. He drove into Rob Frye's farmyard while the morning was still young, and found Rob behind the barn, feeding the very pigs Dan'l had come to buy.

As he hitched his team Dan'l looked toward the house, and Annie Frye, Rob's wife, who had come to the window at the sound of his arrival, called a greeting to him. He asked where Rob was, and she told him. Dan'l tried with his eyes to pierce the gloom of the room behind her, but could not

Shabath

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

He wondered where Jane Frye might be. Jane was Rob's sister, who dwelt with Rob and Annie.

He went through the barn to find Rob, and the two men dickered over the pigs. They agreed very quickly; then Dan'l began to fill his pipe, whittling the tobacco from a black plug. Presently he asked: "Got a match?"

ROB rummaged in his pockets, shook his head. Dan'l looked faintly pleased, and started toward the house. "Guess I can get one in the kitchen," he suggested.

But Rob—and there may have been a faint twinkle in his eyes—said hurriedly: "Here! I've got some. Didn't know I had." So Dan'l was forced to come back and accept them. He seemed a little disappointed, but he lighted his pipe and talked idly for a moment.

Some one had opened the kitchen door, and through this door was now wafted a delicious odor. Dan'l sniffed at it. "Doughnuts," he said.

Rob nodded. "Yeah! Jane fries them every Saturday." He was watching Dan'l with a chuckle

in his eyes; and Dan'l was slowly turning red, deep and deeper. At length he said desperately:

"I guess I'll go in and say hello to her."

You might have expected Rob to laugh, but he gave no sign. "Hot in the kitchen," he replied. "But go ahead if you want. I got to finish with them other pigs."

He turned back toward the barn, and Dan'l went up on the little porch and looked in through the screen door. Jane Frye was busy over the stove, but she nodded to him with a pretty little birdlike motion of her head, and she said: "Good morning, Dan'l."

Dan'l replied: "Good morning, Jane." He went in and put his hat awkwardly on the kitchen table, and then picked it up again, and sat down on the single chair and held his hat upon his knees. Jane was very busy over the hot kettle. She was not a girl; her years must have been almost as many as Dan'l's. But there was something girlish in her figure; and what with her neat little starched dress, and her neat little apron, and her neatly brushed hair, and her cheeks so pink from the heat of the stove, and her eyes so extraordinarily bright and quick, she might have passed for little more than half her years. Certainly she looked young enough to be utterly pleasing to Dan'l. He was perfectly content to sit where he was and watch her.

He had been, you might say, sitting and watching Jane Frye thus adoringly for almost a dozen years. Now and again, at long intervals, that which was in his eyes found utterance, but not often. When man and woman have known each other so well and so long as Dan'l and Jane Frye, there is no need of words to say what is to be said between them.

Jane brought the paper-lined pan full of hot

s to him and asked: "Do you want one?" doubt it and said: "Much obliged." She turned Dan's stove and spoke to him over her shoulder: "ba you come down to get some pigs?"

nodded. "Yes, I thought I'd raise two this I ain't selling all my milk like I was."

"They're right nice pigs, Rob says," he assured him, and Dan'l acquiesced. They said little more. After a while he got up and decided he would have to be going, and she bade him good-by. He stood by the door for a moment, but she did not turn her head; and he went back and said awkwardly: "Jane!"

She turned then, and he saw that her cheeks had become white beneath the pink. But her eyes met his fairly, and there was a little panic in them and a little sorrow, but no melting and no uncertainty. He looked at her for a moment, very steadily, and then, as though he had asked a question and she had answered it, he said:

"Well, all right, then. Well, I'll be down again pretty soon. Good-by, Jane."

She lifted one hand to her throat as though to steady her quickened breathing:

"Good-by, Dan'l."

They did not shake hands. He backed clumsily toward the door and fumbled with the latch and went out. She stood very still, watching him till his strong figure passed out of her range of vision. Then she heard him talking with Rob, and after a moment he drove away. She listened till the sound of his wheels was cut off as he rounded the corner of the house, turning into the road.

The doughnuts in the kettle were almost burning; she worked very quickly for a moment, taking them out. Then, before putting in fresh ones, she left the kitchen and went through the house into her bedroom.

Rob's wife was dusting the seldom-used parlor. She was a silent-footed little woman, and when she set about making the beds, and entered Jane's room, it was so quietly that Jane did not hear her coming.

She found Jane praying on her knees beside the bed.

DAN'L was living as a bachelor on his farm toward the village; but he had company in the farmhouse that night. Elder Dakin came over from Augusta for a day or two among the people of his old congregation, and he stayed with Dan'l, as he always did. Old companions, these two, who had together whipped every brook for miles around. Their talk this evening strayed to trout. It would have done so in any case, for that was ever a topic near their hearts; but it was prompted by the fact that Will Hall had stopped in the late afternoon to leave half a dozen of his day's catch. The trout were cooking when Elder Dakin stepped upon the porch by the kitchen door; they were picked to the last bone an hour later. The talk of the two men was all of old days upon the streams as they cleaned up the dishes afterward.

Once, toward mid evening, Dan'l asked how long the old minister would be able to stay. Elder Dakin told him, and after a moment's silence he added: "I saw Rob Frye in the village when I got there."

"I saw him go by," Dan'l assented. "I promised to go home with them after church to-morrow for dinner," said Elder Dakin. "A good man, Rob."

Dan'l nodded. He had a practical mind, and this led him to remember that Rob's was a single-seated buggy, so that Jane and Annie always sat one upon the knees of the other when they drove to church. "You'd best take my team to church," he suggested. "Drive down in that."

The older man nodded. "Perhaps Jane will ride with me," he said, smiling a little and with an eye on Dan'l's countenance. "I shall enjoy a ride with Jane."

Everyone knew how Dan'l felt about Jane Frye; knew that Dan'l had loved her for so many years. . . .

Next morning, while Dan'l was doing the chores, it happened that they spoke of Richard Collicot, who had taken Elder Dakin's place in the pulpit of the church in the village. Dickie Collicot he had been called in college; and some folk even here called him

Dickie still. "You'll not go down to church with me?" the elder asked.

Dan'l shook his head. "I like to get up on the ridge a Sunday," he explained.

The older man knew all about this, and he nodded. Then he asked: "How's Dickie doing?"



When she could no longer hear the sound of Dan'l's buggy wheels, Jane went to her room and knelt beside the bed

Dan'l was noncommittal. "Some folks like him." "You've heard him?"

Dan'l smiled, and this was a rare thing in the man. "I've heard him private," he replied. "Come up here two-three weeks ago and give me a talking to. Regular sermon it was. He takes it insulting if a man don't go to church, you know."

"So! Personal thing?"

Dan'l nodded. "He's preached at me and the rest of them that don't go. Lays a lot of weight on churchgoing, he does. I guess he's going to organize a revival, or a crusade, or something like it. Make us all go sit and listen to him."

Elder Dakin knew the stubborn temper of this community well enough to be sure Collicot was making a mistake. "He's still a boy," he said apologetically, and Dan'l assented.

"Oh, aye," he agreed. Their tones were tolerant.

A little later the elder climbed into the buggy and drove away down the hill toward the village. Dan'l, when he had finished his chores, locked the house behind him and set off afoot, through the pasture across the road and up the hill beyond.

RICHARD COLLICOT'S theme was Sunday observance, and Elder Dakin, who had himself whipped a trout brook on Sunday afternoon more than once without taking spiritual harm therefrom, smiled to himself at Dickie's strictures. When the benediction had been said he went forward to shake the young man's hand, and he encountered Jane Frye there. Jane was saying earnestly:

"You are so right, Mr. Collicot, about Sunday."

Then, perceiving the elder beside her, and because she was naturally a diffident and silent little woman,

she added hurriedly: "Thank you," and would have turned away.

But Elder Dakin dropped a hand lightly on her arm, restraining her; and when he had said a word to the young minister, he turned aside with Jane. "I thought you might be willing to bear me company," he explained. "Rob's buggy is small, and I have room for you in Dan'l's."

She had known the old man for so many years, and found so many causes to trust and to love him that she assented without protest. Outside they found Rob and Annie, and Jane explained the matter to them. A little later they were climbing slowly up the long hill out of the village, with Rob a hundred yards ahead of them.

The elder had something to say to Jane Frye; had a question or two to ask her. But he was wise enough to wait; and so for a time they spoke of many things: of his work in Augusta, of the good and bad fortune which had come to folk hereabouts, of young Richard Collicot and his ministry. Jane was enthusiastic about this young man; she said he seemed so devout and sincere. Elder Dakin agreed to that. "It is because he is still a boy," he explained. "Children see right and see wrong, but see no middle ground. There are so many middle grounds which we perceive when we grow a little older, Jane."

She was thoughtfully silent for a moment; then: "Perhaps," she assented. "Perhaps, sometimes. But some things are right and some things are wrong, and we can be sure of them."

The elder laughed. "I've come to the age where I'm sure of very few things," he replied, and she laughed with him, though a little uneasily. Their talk wandered into byways again.

IT was at the end of an interval of silence that he said to her at last:

"Jane, I'd looked to see you and Dan'l safely married long before this time."

The word was a shock to Jane; he must have known that it would be. No one had ever spoken to her of Dan'l's devotion before; not even Dan'l had ever put the matter in such bald and naked phrase as this. When Elder Dakin looked at her he saw that she was trembling terribly and that her lips were white. He put one hand gently upon her folded hands. "There, Jane," he said softly. "I'm an old man. Pay no heed to me."

She knew his kindness too well to be offended; she looked at him uncertainly and tried to smile, and he was encouraged to go on. "Dan'l loves you, and he needs you, Jane," he told her.

She shook her head, not in denial, but because she could not speak; and he understood. "But there's so much harm done by just keeping still, Jane," he urged, as though answering some protest from her. "And so much unhappiness can be saved by a frank word now and then. You know Dan'l loves you, Jane?"

Her lips parted waveringly. She said in a whisper: "Yes."

He knew she loved Dan'l; it was plain enough in that moment for any man to see; but he was wise enough not to affright her by telling her so. Instead, he simply said: "And I'm fond of Dan'l, Jane. I'd like to see him a happier man."

"I want to see him happy," she said soberly and with an effort. "I want to see Dan'l happy."

Dan'l's old horse jogged patiently on, needing no attention. A breath of fragrance from lilacs in the yard of an abandoned farm beside the road swept across their faces. A robin atop the elm beside the ruined house sang its uneven, rollicking, galloping song. "It needs you to make him happy," said Elder Dakin quietly, and Jane cried under her breath:

"Oh, I cannot. I cannot."

The old man watched her thoughtfully, and asked at length: "You've told him you cannot?"

"He knows," Jane whispered.

"Why can you not?" asked the elder. "Does he know that?" She shook her head, and he repeated: "Why can you not, Jane?"

Her eyes had been soft with anguish; they became hard as justice. But for a little she did not speak; she watched

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the bobbing ears of the horse, and her thoughts were far away. After a moment she looked at him. "If you had a daughter," she asked, "would you have her wed Dan'l Knott?"

The old man was astonished and amazed, but he would not let her see this. "If I had a daughter!" he echoed. And answered: "If she cared for him and he for her, yes."

There was something like horror in her eyes. "A man like that?" she cried.

Elder Dakin took time to think. It had never occurred to him that Dan'l Knott was "a man like that." The phrase carries an implied opprobrium, and the minister had always liked Dan'l and respected him. For Dan'l was honest, and he was generous, and he was loyal, and he was thoughtful, and he was kind, and he spoke no ill of any man. "A man like that!" From Elder Dakin's point of view, Dan'l was a good man to pattern after.

After a moment Elder Dakin understood, and he smiled a little till he saw the resentment in her eyes. Then he asked quite seriously: "Because he does not go to church, you mean?"

It was quite clear that this was what she did mean; and he was careful to keep a grave countenance as he said to her: "But, Jane, Dan'l is a good man."

"He does not keep the Sabbath," she replied.

The old man's eyes were thoughtful. "Sabbath?" he repeated. "That is, 'Shabath!' The Hebrew word. 'To rest from labor' is its meaning, Jane. Dan'l does not work on Sunday, except to give food and water to his beasts and attend to their needs. Christ himself found no fault with that, you remember."

"He does not go to church," Jane Frye told him. She was no longer trembling. On firmer ground her strength had returned, and her tone was calm and serene.

"That is true," he agreed. "Dan'l does not go to church—in the fashion of other men."

He said no more for a while, considering; and when he spoke it was to ask: "Have you told him? Does he know what you wish him to do?" She shook her head. "Why not tell him?" he suggested. "Dan'l would do much for you."

"I do not want him to do it for me. I want him to keep the Sabbath holy because it is right that he should," she replied.

He watched her a moment, then curiously replied: "Does he not keep the Sabbath holy in his own way?"

"He goes wandering in the woods, pleasuring himself," she retorted. "He even catches fish on Sunday, sometimes."

"I have gone fishing with him on many a Sunday afternoon," the old man said, watching her quizzically. "Do you call me a sinner also, Jane?"

She smiled, a trace of mischief in her eyes. "I would not want to marry you, Elder Dakin," she replied.

He laughed at that, and she laughed with him. But they had time for no further word, because Rob's farmyard was just ahead of them. The elder and Rob put the horses away, while Jane and Annie brought to table the dinner that had been cooked the day before. The old minister and Rob talked together; and afterward, at table, Elder Dakin talked as much as any two of them. Nevertheless, his thoughts were busy with this problem, seeking the key to it. For, as he had told Jane Frye, he thought well of Dan'l, and wished to see the man find happiness.

SUMMER comes late to the hills hereabouts. That Sunday was one of those days when, if your eyes are sufficiently keen, you may almost see the grass grow about your feet. Dan'l had keen eyes. From his house he had walked across the pasture and come to an alder run, which he followed up the long slope of the hill. He passed the clay bank where he had found a rabbit's nest the year before, and jumped the trickling little stream that became Preble's brook half a mile below; and so came into a hollow which was carpeted by rich earth brought down by many seasons' rains, and where flowers

of many kinds were all about his feet. Some of them had not been in bloom the week before when he last passed this way; some had been blooming then, and their glory was now departing. He stopped here and there, and took from the pocket of the light mackinaw he

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been a fairer day than this. The air, which later in the afternoon would tint the world a deep and lovely purple, was now only faintly blue against the distant hills; the fresh green shone through it, gay as springtime. There was an enormous stillness and peace



Jane's eyes filled with tears. She had never known the Dan'l that the old leather-covered notebook revealed to her

wore an old, leather-bound notebook, and in this recorded the new flowers which he saw and the passage of the old ones. He had watched this wild garden spot for many years; was as familiar with it as with his own back yard, and loved it full as tenderly.

There were many birds in the thickets along the little stream; and now and then he discovered a nest, and stopped to watch for a little while, so that he might make sure whether the mother bird was sitting or feeding young. It was toward noon that he emerged from the cover into the open meadow land toward the top of the hill and set his path across a steep shoulder and so upward toward the lone tree on the hill-top, where he was accustomed to stop and eat his lunch and sit for a while.

Once or twice he halted to take his breath and to look back across the valley to the sweep of the hills which met the sky beyond. He took off his coat and hung it over his shoulder as he went on his way. When he reached the tree at the top of the hill he took from the pockets of this coat a paper packet, and an old leather-backed notebook, and a small Bible, worn with much handling, and laid them on the ground together. Then he spread the coat and sat upon it, leaning back against the trunk of the tree while he let his eyes wander over the segment of a fifty-mile circle of beautiful valleys and hills which was spread below him.

It was a little after noon. Dan'l had spent many a Sunday nooning under this tree; but none, he thought, had

upon the land; it seemed an actual and definite thing, this stillness; and Dan'l noticed it, as he had noticed it so many times before, and wondered if it were chance or merely his imagination that made Sundays always seem more peaceful and serene than other days to him.

"It don't just happen so," he decided; and after a little he took up the thumbed notebook and a stub of pencil and wrote: "Sundays in the country are always quieter than other days. It seems as if the hills were asleep. Maybe this is God's share of keeping His Sabbath, which He made as a sign between Him and us."

Dan'l's notebooks—he had many of them—were filled with such paragraphs as this. A lonely man must talk to someone. These paragraphs were interspersed with the records of the birds and the flowers which he had watched for so many years; they were intermingled with notes of the fish he had caught, the woodcock he had shot, the tracks of deer and moose which he had found in the swamps. He read what he had written now and dotted his "i's" and crossed his "t's" and laid the notebook down again, the pencil between the leaves. He was cooler by this time, and he unwrapped his lunch and ate it slowly: two sandwiches of soda biscuits and bacon, two doughnuts, and a piece of cheese. When he was done he folded the paper which had wrapped these viands and stuffed it into his pocket.

It was natural enough that his

thoughts should have passed from that matter of the Sabbath stillness in the air to his talk with Elder Dakin that morning, and so to Dickie Collicot and the young minister's efforts to compel other people to keep Sunday as he would have it kept. After a while Dan'l picked up notebook and pencil again and began to write what he was thinking.

"Everybody has their own way of keeping Sunday," he wrote. "My mother used to do her cooking the day before. Annie Frye and Jane still do. Not many people do that now. Will Hall won't work in the fields, but he does odd jobs around the house. He doesn't go to church. Dave Knight goes to church and doesn't do any work. He won't come up here with me. Joe Chalmers won't do any work, but the pigs have to be fed, so his wife does it. I was in town last week, and I saw Walt Howard, and we got to talking about this. Walt won't come out here fishing, but he works in his garden Sundays. The folks in town have their own notions too. Old Newton Day goes to church regular, but he plays golf in the afternoon down at the Country Club. Chet Howe's got a tennis court in his back yard, but he won't play on it. But he plays at the Country Club. Jim Martin goes fishing for cunner and flounders in his motor boat, but he won't come out after trout. Ed comes fishing, but he won't work in his garden because it makes his neighbors mad.

"I guess they all do what they think is right too. Probably none of them would do anything to bother the folks that live around them. That's a pretty good rule, I guess; not to do anything on Sundays that'll bother your neighbors—if they're reasonable. Collicot isn't reasonable. He's no right to be bothered by my coming up here."

FOR a while he wrote no more, and the notebook lay open in his lap while his eyes fixed themselves upon the bald poll of Haystack Mountain, eight or ten miles westward. A hawk sailed across the sky a quarter-mile away, a kingbird cheeping it. He watched them out of sight; and then he put the notebook down and took his worn Bible and thumbed the pages, reading here and there, considering what he had read. Something disturbed a flock of crows in the woods below him. He listened to their raucous cries, watched them rise above the trees and dart down again, decided they had found an owl. Began to read once more; and what he read seemed to suggest a new line of thought. He resumed his writing, gripping his small pencil painfully, forming the words with slow care.

"Collicot's all wrong," he wrote. "He wouldn't let anybody enjoy themselves on Sunday. There's nothing in the Bible against enjoying yourself. The commandment is against work. It says the same thing, seven or eight times, in the pages that come after: 'Thou shalt do no work.'

"Probably that's because work was a thing God laid on man as a punishment. In the Garden of Eden. Because Adam did wrong. It says: 'Cursed is the ground for thy sake. In toil shalt thou eat of it.' And it says: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' Work was a sort of punishment. Sunday is the day you get let off from that punishment. The commandment isn't really a commandment; it's a permission. It gives you leave to stop working. Of course men had to stop. They stoned one man for gathering firewood on Sunday. I wonder if it's all right for preachers to work on Sundays. Collicot said in the store, night before last, that Sunday was his hard day. I guess I'll ask him if it ain't wrong for him to work so hard on Sunday."

He stopped to chuckle at the idea and at his guess at the preacher's answer. The sun was beginning its descent to the western hills. His pencil began to move once more.

"No fishing, no walking in the woods, no playing games, no work. That's Collicot's idea. And to go to church three or four times. He's wrong about that. The Lord meant men to sit around and

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rest and enjoy themselves and get some fun of the right sort and think things over a little bit. Collicot wants us to go to church, and in between whiles just sit around and bite our finger nails. I guess the Lord was nearer right than he is."

He closed the notebook a little after that, and he wrote no more that afternoon, but sat still, his eyes wandering over the beauty all below him. For a long time, save for slight readjustments of his position, he did not move at all. It was toward four o'clock when he bestirred himself. Time to be starting for home. The chores to do.

It was cooler. The sun was dropping nearer the hills. He was reluctant to turn his back on them; and for a while he followed the crest of the ridge, and stopped at last when he could look down upon the village itself, among the trees along the river, the steeple of the white church lifting above the bright green of the new leaves. Smoke drifted peacefully upward from a chimney here and there. A vast silence, enormous and serene, lay all upon the land.

"My sabbaths," he quoted, half aloud, "... a sign between Me and you throughout your generations."

And he nodded his head, as though well satisfied, and moved down the hill toward his own farm.

WHEN he got to the farmhouse, Elder Dakin was already there, and he had put the horse in its stall and pulled down hay for it. The two men went into the kitchen, and Dan'l decided to get supper before doing his chores. He took off the coat he had worn and hung it on a nail behind the kitchen door.

After supper Dan'l went out to milk. The old minister followed him into the tie-up. The wind had shifted, was now in the east, and there was a chill of fog in the air, so the elder went back into the house to get a coat, and because Dan'l's mackinaw came readiest to his hand he put that on. While he handled the coat, the worn old notebook fell from a pocket, and he picked it up. He knew Dan'l was accustomed to record his catches of fish in this book, so he opened it. That which Dan'l had written that day upon the hilltop caught his eye; he read it through.

When he went out to the tie-up again there was something thoughtful in his manner, as though he were considering a project which appealed to him. It remained in his mind all that evening; and next morning he put it into effect.

He told Dan'l he would have to go down to Rob Frye's again; said, with a complacent disregard for the veracity of his statement, that he had left some papers there. Dan'l hitched up the horse for him, and at the last moment—since there was a foggy drizzle in the air—Elder Dakin went into the kitchen and took that stout coat of Dan'l's and put it on.

It did not occur to Dan'l to protest; there was no mistrust in him. But when the minister was gone he was uneasy; and when Elder Dakin came back he took the coat from him to hang it up, and felt of the right-hand pocket. The notebook, which had been there, was missing. Under the leathery brown of his cheeks the man went a little pale. He asked a question.

"So?" said Elder Dakin. "Why, I took no heed, Dan'l. I must have dropped the thing down at Rob's."

Dan'l made no comment; said it did not matter. But Elder Dakin was not surprised after dinner to see Dan'l hitch up the horse again and drive away along the road that led to Rob Frye's farm. In fact, the old minister was so far from being surprised that he watched Dan'l depart with something like satisfaction in his eyes.

Elder Dakin had given that old notebook to Jane Frye quite shamelessly. "It is Dan'l's," he said. "And—I want you to read it, Jane." When she would have ventured faint protest, he said severely: "You do not know Dan'l, Jane, after so many years. You

should know him and understand him. He's in that book. You read it through and through."

Jane still hesitating, he added a final word: "There are many ways of keeping Sunday a holy day, Jane," he said. "Church is your way. It's not Dan'l's. He likes to be alone on a Sunday, do you see? Times he sits and thinks, and times he writes his thoughts in that worn little book in your hands. You'll find Dan'l's Sundays there, Jane." The old man smiled a little at her. "Read it. And see if he's the Sabbath-breaking sinner you have said he was."

She was uncertain, not sure what to do, and he gave her no time to decide. While she still held the old notebook in her hands, Elder Dakin climbed into the buggy and drove ruthlessly away.

Alone—for Rob was in the fields and Annie had driven to the village for the day—Jane assured herself she would not read that which had not been written for her eyes. But Elder Dakin had bidden her read, and her curiosity bade her read, and her heart pleaded with her to do anything that might help Dan'l's cause. While she was still undecided what to do she opened the book—opened it, as women are apt to do, at the end; read a little there, turned backward; read a paragraph again and then again.

Once or twice her eyes filled with tears so that she had to stop and wipe them and wait for them to clear. But she had no thought now of putting the notebook away unread.

Jane Frye had been bred in the belief that all good people go to church on Sunday. Dan'l did not go to church on Sunday. Therefore he was a sinful man, and she might love, but she would never marry him.

But this Dan'l revealed to her in the pages of the old notebook which Elder Dakin had put into her hands was not a sinful man. There was no evil in him. And the discovery was overwhelming. It could make no change in her, in her simplicity and in her faith. But it could and it did make much difference in her attitude toward Dan'l. She had thought his Sundays in the woods were irreverent and profane; the book showed them in an unsuspected light. Not profane at all, but holy days.

She was glad that Annie did not come back for dinner that day. She cooked Rob's dinner for him, and saw him depart to the fields again; and when she had finished with the dishes she took up the notebook once more and sat down by the window of the dining room and began to read.

She was still sitting there when Dan'l drove hurriedly into the yard. He saw her, but she did not look at him; and he came and knocked at the kitchen door.

Jane opened it then. She said: "Come in, Dan'l."

He obeyed her awkwardly, his eyes moving about the kitchen, seeking that for which he had come. She went into the dining room and sat down by the window again; and when he followed her she pointed to the chair before her and made him also sit down.

He said awkwardly: "I . . . Elder Dakin lost a notebook of mine down here. I stopped in to get it."

Jane lifted her eyes. "I found it, Dan'l," she said.

When she lifted her eyes thus they met his, and Dan'l was at first startled, and then bewildered, and then happier than he had ever been before. He said huskily: "Jane!"

"Sit down, Dan'l," she bade him for the second time.

He drew the chair a little nearer her, and sat down in it, by her side. Her hand was on the arm of her chair; and after a moment he ventured to touch it with his. He was not yet able to believe. But she did not draw her hand away.

They sat for a long time thus side by side, looking out of the window together as though at something which was beautiful to see. They did not speak; speech was never necessary to these two.



Twice Daily

Teeth need these five effects

In ten days, if you make this test, you will see great changes in your teeth. Some will appear at once.

They come from five effects, which are considered essential. See and feel them—watch your teeth improve. Then you will always want your teeth kept in that new condition.

Watch them whiten

You will see prettier teeth, for one thing. That is due to film removal—the film that makes teeth dingy.

Now you feel on your teeth a viscous coat called film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. So well-brushed teeth, as millions know, discolor and decay. Very few people have escaped some trouble caused by film.

How film destroys

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germes breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many internal diseases.

Dental science, after diligent research, has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have amply proved them. Now leading dentists, half the world over, advise their daily use.

Pepsodent embodies those two methods. That is one great reason for its good effects.

Three other results

But modern diet, rich in starch, makes other things essential. Without them, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

So Pepsodent also stimulates the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which cause decay.

Thus every application brings five unique effects. And modern authorities, after convincing tests, urge all of them twice daily. To millions of people they have brought a new conception of clean teeth.

The night attacks

Now you go to sleep with film on your teeth or between them. Or with starch deposits which may ferment and form acid. And all night long those factors may attack the teeth.

See and feel the difference when Pepsodent is used. The results will surprise and delight you.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Learn the effects on starch deposits and acids.

The test will prove a revelation. In ten days, judge this new-day method by what you see and feel and know. Decide for yourself what is best. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 573, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY